

UNPRINTED SESSION LAWS.

Why Haven't They Been Given to the Public Long Ago?

WANT ANOTHER PACKING HOUSE.

Lincoln Will Raise a Fund of \$100,000 to Secure It—Meeting of the Irish National League—Capital News.

FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.

There is a growing complaint because the session laws passed the last legislature are not yet printed and accessible to the public. On the 1st of July the laws that were without the emergency clause went into effect, and yet they are not yet published, and the public is wholly unacquainted with the new measures. It is a surprise that something is not done to bring about a reform in the matter of state printing. Neither the house nor senate journals have yet been printed, and they bid fair to be strung along until eighteen months after the session before they will be turned out by the printer. In the matter of the session laws, however, there is a direct necessity that they be furnished the public, and three months ought to be time enough to publish them in. A Chicago paper notes that in Illinois inside of two weeks after the close of the session the session laws were out in book form as required by law. At the present rate of progress it will be months yet before the Nebraska session laws are before the people, and as for the house and senate journals, another session is liable to roll around before the people see them, if the public printers are not under bonds to do this work in reasonable season they ought to have pride enough to do the work for some public good.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

There will be an important meeting of the board of trade at the district court room this evening, at which time the efforts to secure a new packing house at West Lincoln will be up for ratification and immediate action. A committee has been at work for several days the past week raising a fund of \$100,000 to secure a packing house. On Saturday \$50,000 of the amount was subscribed and by the time of the meeting it is expected the fund will be raised. It is urged that all members of the board attend this meeting.

ARGUMENT DAY.

Judge S. M. Chapman will arrive from Plattsmouth to-day to hear the argument in the celebrated Dawson case, the testimony having been taken at the last term of court. The arguments, judging from the importance of the case, will be exhaustive and complete, and the decision in the case will be watched with the greatest deal of interest. The plaintiff in the case is represented by M. J. Marquette, Harwood, Ames & Kelly, A. J. Sawyer and W. J. Lamb, while the defense is handled over by J. B. Woolworth, O. P. Macdonald, and G. B. Burr.

THE LEAGUE MEETING.

The Lincoln branch of the I. N. L. met at Fitzgerald hall yesterday afternoon. The attendance was very large and the ladies were well represented. The proceedings opened with a finely executed corned solo by Mr. William O'Shea, followed by Mr. Nicholas Lawler, who sang in splendid style. "Only to See Her Face Again." The local favorite vocalist, Mr. Barnaby, then gave the "Minstrel Boy" with stirring emphasis.

The chairman, Second Vice-President Charles McLean, then introduced Mr. Thomas Carr, the speaker of the day. Mr. Carr read an excellent historical essay treating of the Irish exiles in Europe. He traced their career and military heroism in France, Spain, Austria and Russia. In the last named country he traced the foundation that great army which now fills all Europe with uneasy feeling, and is destined yet to contest the supremacy of Asia with England. Mr. Carr concluded his valuable discourse with a reference to Fontenoy and to the esteem expressed by Napoleon for his Irish legion.

A warm vote of thanks was recorded the speaker, after which Mr. Lawler sang with great feeling "The Harp that Once, etc."

An essay from a lady member of the branch has now become a feature of the Lincoln meetings and the chairman introduced Miss O'Reardon, the relative of the redoubtable Tim Healy, the Tory pulitzerizer. Miss O'Reardon soon evinced that she shared the talent of her distinguished kinsman and in choice and well chosen words she paid her tribute to the genius of America and Ireland's love for the stars and stripes.

Miss O'Reardon concluded with a prayer that the dawn of an independence day would light up the hearts of her countrymen and Irish hills-echo the crackling fireworks of Ireland's small boys celebrating their own Fourth of July.

Miss O'Reardon's beautiful address drew forth enthusiasm and she concluded amid applause.

Mr. Wm. O'Shea and Mrs. J. J. Butler were named as speakers for the 21st of August after which the meeting adjourned.

THE GERING JOINT STOCK CO.

of Gering, Cheyenne county, Neb., has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of business and the company is the buying and selling of land, laying out town sites, etc. The capital stock is \$50,000. The incorporators are Oscar W. Gardiner, F. A. Garlock, George W. Deffen, C. W. Johnson and Martin Gering.

The Elkhorn Valley bank of Burnett, Madison county, has filed articles of incorporation. The capital stock of the bank is \$100,000, of which \$25,000 has been paid up at the commencement of business. The indebtedness, including deposits to which the bank will be subject, is \$150,000, the corporation to begin business on the 1st of August. The incorporators are James Stuart, John S. Crae, C. E. Burnham, H. S. Manville and H. N. Benjamin.

THE POLICE COURTS.

There was something of a voluminous police court yesterday. H. E. Gankey, J. M. Howard, Z. Wilson and Thomas Funn were before the court as plain drunks. They were assessed \$3 and costs, two paying out and two being committed.

Mrs. Hawke, for leaving slops in a barrel contrary to the health ordinance, was fined a dollar and costs for her carelessness.

The case of J. Gray, a colored man, who was lodged in jail for the promiscuous use of firearms, was continued until today for hearing. There was a rush of attorneys in the morning hours to get to defend the woman.

member of the fish commission who made the attractive display at the state fair last fall, is in Lincoln superintending the erection of an addition to the building on the fair grounds.

Near midnight Saturday night, the police arrested Mrs. Lou Prattier, who lives on Monroe avenue near Twenty-first street. In the house at the time was a woman named Mrs. Alice Bell and a man named Grant Dodd. The man escaped from the officers, but the women were required to appear at court yesterday as inmates of a house of prostitution. Both pled not guilty and the case was continued.

A warrant was sworn out in police court yesterday charging David May, one of the clothing men in town, with selling goods on Sunday. The time for hearing the case has not yet been fixed.

Thousands of people suffer with back ache, not knowing that in most cases it is a system of diseased kidneys and liver. The best remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle.

A DAKOTA LIAR.

How He Perverted for His Country's Good.

Dakota Bell: A man was driving through the country in a central Dakota county and got into conversation with a settler who was sitting in front of his house.

"You have a fine farm here," he said to the settler.

"Yes, it is a fine country, stranger."

"Do you raise big crops?"

"Crops? Big crops?"

"Yes sir, I calculate I do."

"That's all right, I suppose?"

"That don't express it, rich don't do it justice! This soil is perfect, absolutely perfect, best in the world! It is deep as a well, mellow as an ash heap, rich as gold, and it grows the first year in the world to compare at all with it!"

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Say, stranger," continued the settler, straightening up, "I've heard that kinder holler 'bout you, and I'm sure you're a liar."

"The man admitted that he didn't know but he could hear something."

"Yes," continued the settler, "kinder boom boom sound, like holler 'bout you, but I'm sure you're a liar."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Stranger, that's my punkins bein' yanked along 'cross the ground so fast they bound up in the air every once in a while."

"Your punkins? What is drawing them at that rate?"

"The vines, stranger, the vines—they're growin' so fast we have to take a fast run to the house when we get 'em. They'll be 'bout worn out. I have to admit this is a poor place for punkins and squashes. See that little knoll over there, 'bout a hundred yards 'cross it an' twenty feet high, that's the first year in the world to grow on top of it?"

"Y-a-s—but it haint no tree—it's a beet top."

"Why did you plant it on top of the knoll?"

"Didn't, stranger, ground was perfectly level when I planted it there. Beet so big it has kinder 'red the ground up all round it and made a knoll. Planted one more to grow the first year in the world, it hoisted it up and pretty near tipped it over."

"Isn't the season a little dry for them?"

"They go down to water, stranger, that well there is the hole that beet came out of. I had a crabapple tree near the house the same year, an' the apples grew so big they busted and broke all my windows. I want to hear how we husk corn."

"I'll try and stand it."

"We chop off an ear an' let it fall on the ground and then husk it with a team 'til it's hot, and then a husk an' drive 'longside of the ear an' peel it off and then go back after another."

"Slow job."

"Yes, but there's twenty bushels of corn when we get through. I was on looking at my wheat yesterday, an' a head of it struck me on the shoulder an' pretty near broke my collar bone."

"Yes."

"I have to have to have gas pipe for my beans to climb—they are so strong an' squeeze so tight that they cut a wooden pole in two in a dozen places."

"Yes."

"There was a big rock down on the back end of my place 'bout ten feet each way an' it stuck down into the ground 'bout four feet. I laid a reddish seed on the middle of it an' the seed sorter smelt the seed and it red side down under the rock as I might say, an' it begun to grow an' I don't see it, sharp end first, of course, an' I split the rock in twenty pieces an' it drew it out."

"I might tell ye of lots of other things equally as s'prisin' if I had a mind to."

"I don't doubt it. But see here, are you telling me all these infernal lies because you can't sell your farm?"

"O no, sir; no, sir; I've told you the usual thing. I won't sell—I just do it for the good of the country. There's some as want to sell, ye see, an' we all sell together—ways do in a new country, ye know. The story don't hurt me none, an' lots o' you darned fools from the east believes it. I reckon, though, that you have traveled. Good day, stop if you should be goin' past again."

Business in Steel Rails.

New York Commercial Bulletin: That late reports of an unprecedented volume of business in the steel rails for the current year are quite in harmony with the facts as settled by an official return of the sales made during the past six months. According to this statement orders for more than 1,000,000 tons were booked by manufacturers during the period between January 1 and July 1. Of this amount only an insignificant portion has been repaid, the balance of the orders being for steel rails for "investment" have since been nearly all resold to railroad companies. The production allotted for the balance of the year is 374,000 tons, and the balance of the orders for steel rails is 1,000,000 tons. The production allotted for the balance of the year is 374,000 tons, and the balance of the orders for steel rails is 1,000,000 tons.

THE POLICE COURTS.

There was something of a voluminous police court yesterday. H. E. Gankey, J. M. Howard, Z. Wilson and Thomas Funn were before the court as plain drunks. They were assessed \$3 and costs, two paying out and two being committed.

Mrs. Hawke, for leaving slops in a barrel contrary to the health ordinance, was fined a dollar and costs for her carelessness.

The case of J. Gray, a colored man, who was lodged in jail for the promiscuous use of firearms, was continued until today for hearing. There was a rush of attorneys in the morning hours to get to defend the woman.

J. D. Calhoun, the editor of the Democrat, who has been enjoying Colorado scenery for thirty days, is home to the routine of fourteen hours a day again.

County Treasurer Campbell, of Cass county, was at the state house yesterday securing something over \$1,000 that was refunded to the county by the state at the last session.

S. M. Barker, president of the state board of agriculture, was in the city yesterday on state fair business and new improvements at the fair grounds.

R. C. Cushing, of Omaha, one of the heavy railroad builders in the state, was in Lincoln yesterday. C. A. Baldwin, Fred Gray, and H. Gray, were also among the Omaha men at the capital city yesterday.

Lou May, of Fremont, the energetic

SLAVERY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Cry for Help From the Down-Trodden Bondsmen of the Coal Mines.

THE DRAGON OF MONOPOLY.

It is Blasting the Lives of Men and Devouring Children—Breakers and Crushers—A Lamentable Condition.

They say that slaves exist in Pennsylvania. It is true. Under the aegis of protection in protection's stronghold, under the disgraced flag of the Keystone state, there lives and flourishes a slavery which is a shame upon the name of America. I have seen it in its most revolting form, and the government which permits it. Thus writes a correspondent of the New York World.

A cry for help goes out from thousands and thousands of slaves of the coal mines. Here they are, right in the heart of these grand old mountains, in the breast of Pennsylvania, the mother of independence. Here they are in swarming thousands; poor, helpless, down-trodden bondsmen. They dwell on the tops of mountains, bare and grizzly, covered only with brush and the naked skeletons of dead trees. They inhabit huts and kennels in valleys where the wind is the dust of coal and slate, and bearing turgid streams once famous trout brooks, now poisonous sluices, to mark the rivers which in the sign of death and destruction to those who follow it. From out these people wastes and multitudinous solitudes, where are gold, silver, iron, and coal, in the world compare at all with it!

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Say, stranger," continued the settler, straightening up, "I've heard that kinder holler 'bout you, and I'm sure you're a liar."

"The man admitted that he didn't know but he could hear something."

"Yes," continued the settler, "kinder boom boom sound, like holler 'bout you, but I'm sure you're a liar."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Stranger, that's my punkins bein' yanked along 'cross the ground so fast they bound up in the air every once in a while."

"Your punkins? What is drawing them at that rate?"

"The vines, stranger, the vines—they're growin' so fast we have to take a fast run to the house when we get 'em. They'll be 'bout worn out. I have to admit this is a poor place for punkins and squashes. See that little knoll over there, 'bout a hundred yards 'cross it an' twenty feet high, that's the first year in the world to grow on top of it?"

"Y-a-s—but it haint no tree—it's a beet top."

"Why did you plant it on top of the knoll?"

"Didn't, stranger, ground was perfectly level when I planted it there. Beet so big it has kinder 'red the ground up all round it and made a knoll. Planted one more to grow the first year in the world, it hoisted it up and pretty near tipped it over."

"Isn't the season a little dry for them?"

"They go down to water, stranger, that well there is the hole that beet came out of. I had a crabapple tree near the house the same year, an' the apples grew so big they busted and broke all my windows. I want to hear how we husk corn."

"I'll try and stand it."

"We chop off an ear an' let it fall on the ground and then husk it with a team 'til it's hot, and then a husk an' drive 'longside of the ear an' peel it off and then go back after another."

"Slow job."

"Yes, but there's twenty bushels of corn when we get through. I was on looking at my wheat yesterday, an' a head of it struck me on the shoulder an' pretty near broke my collar bone."

"Yes."

"I have to have to have gas pipe for my beans to climb—they are so strong an' squeeze so tight that they cut a wooden pole in two in a dozen places."

"Yes."

"There was a big rock down on the back end of my place 'bout ten feet each way an' it stuck down into the ground 'bout four feet. I laid a reddish seed on the middle of it an' the seed sorter smelt the seed and it red side down under the rock as I might say, an' it begun to grow an' I don't see it, sharp end first, of course, an' I split the rock in twenty pieces an' it drew it out."

"I might tell ye of lots of other things equally as s'prisin' if I had a mind to."

"I don't doubt it. But see here, are you telling me all these infernal lies because you can't sell your farm?"

"O no, sir; no, sir; I've told you the usual thing. I won't sell—I just do it for the good of the country. There's some as want to sell, ye see, an' we all sell together—ways do in a new country, ye know. The story don't hurt me none, an' lots o' you darned fools from the east believes it. I reckon, though, that you have traveled. Good day, stop if you should be goin' past again."

Business in Steel Rails.

New York Commercial Bulletin: That late reports of an unprecedented volume of business in the steel rails for the current year are quite in harmony with the facts as settled by an official return of the sales made during the past six months. According to this statement orders for more than 1,000,000 tons were booked by manufacturers during the period between January 1 and July 1. Of this amount only an insignificant portion has been repaid, the balance of the orders being for steel rails for "investment" have since been nearly all resold to railroad companies. The production allotted for the balance of the year is 374,000 tons, and the balance of the orders for steel rails is 1,000,000 tons.

THE POLICE COURTS.

There was something of a voluminous police court yesterday. H. E. Gankey, J. M. Howard, Z. Wilson and Thomas Funn were before the court as plain drunks. They were assessed \$3 and costs, two paying out and two being committed.

Mrs. Hawke, for leaving slops in a barrel contrary to the health ordinance, was fined a dollar and costs for her carelessness.

The case of J. Gray, a colored man, who was lodged in jail for the promiscuous use of firearms, was continued until today for hearing. There was a rush of attorneys in the morning hours to get to defend the woman.

J. D. Calhoun, the editor of the Democrat, who has been enjoying Colorado scenery for thirty days, is home to the routine of fourteen hours a day again.

County Treasurer Campbell, of Cass county, was at the state house yesterday securing something over \$1,000 that was refunded to the county by the state at the last session.

S. M. Barker, president of the state board of agriculture, was in the city yesterday on state fair business and new improvements at the fair grounds.

R. C. Cushing, of Omaha, one of the heavy railroad builders in the state, was in Lincoln yesterday. C. A. Baldwin, Fred Gray, and H. Gray, were also among the Omaha men at the capital city yesterday.

Lou May, of Fremont, the energetic

J. D. Calhoun, the editor of the Democrat, who has been enjoying Colorado scenery for thirty days, is home to the routine of fourteen hours a day again.

County Treasurer Campbell, of Cass county, was at the state house yesterday securing something over \$1,000 that was refunded to the county by the state at the last session.

S. M. Barker, president of the state board of agriculture, was in the city yesterday on state fair business and new improvements at the fair grounds.

R. C. Cushing, of Omaha, one of the heavy railroad builders in the state, was in Lincoln yesterday. C. A. Baldwin, Fred Gray, and H. Gray, were also among the Omaha men at the capital city yesterday.

Lou May, of Fremont, the energetic

J. D. Calhoun, the editor of the Democrat, who has been enjoying Colorado scenery for thirty days, is home to the routine of fourteen hours a day again.

County Treasurer Campbell, of Cass county, was at the state house yesterday securing something over \$1,000 that was refunded to the county by the state at the last session.

S. M. Barker, president of the state board of agriculture, was in the city yesterday on state fair business and new improvements at the fair grounds.

R. C. Cushing, of Omaha, one of the heavy railroad builders in the state, was in Lincoln yesterday. C. A. Baldwin, Fred Gray, and H. Gray, were also among the Omaha men at the capital city yesterday.

Lou May, of Fremont, the energetic

call an inclined plane a stairs—a plaintive group of worn looking old men poked the chunks of coal into their proper receptacles, the proper size depending at once to the chances for broken coal, the rest going to the cutting into blocks these veterans, tottering to the grave. Hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested, stoop-shouldered, tremulous, with shrilly piping or husky voices, they were the slaves of the mine.

"What do you get for this?" I asked a husky old man.

"Ninety cents a day, sir."

"Steady work?"

"Not very, sir. They can't get cars all ways, you know, sir. Then we be idle."

"Ninety cents a day! Hardly a fortune."

"Indeed, you be right, sir; but she better nor nothin'."

"But why haven't you laid by enough to live on?"

The poor soul turned a bleary eye of wonder on the questioner and said: "As God's above us, they never let me. I've wretched twenty years an' more for Mistah Pardee, but they never let me get ahead. Then me lungs went away, an' an' here I be. I can work in the mine no longer, ye see."

An that was his story in a nutshell—the story of thousands of old men. There are other thousands who, after working a lifetime—twenty, thirty, forty years—in the mines, have been turned adrift in old age, when they were no longer useful and when they observed that it was time to die. But this is a peculiarity which is not monopolized by the coal operators.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die.

Again down, and the giant crushers and the huge graduated cylinder screws that grind the broken coal into its proper size, the broken coal is sent into the place where it is to be used. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the children of men are sent to die. The place is a hell, a hell of fire and brimstone, a place where the